

The dame mumbled a meaningless reply. A curate sniggered behind his hand. Later Mrs. Travers cornered her hostess.

"Why didn't the ungrateful girl tell me?" she asked.

"Tell you what, my dear?"

"About that Rio Janeiro military district."

"You should have read the papers, my dear," replied her hostess, coldly; "then, perhaps, you would not have made yourself so ridiculous."

THE END.